ARCHIE ROOSEVELT FRIEND TO EVERYBODY

READY FOR AN AFTERNOON RIDE.

O'Connor

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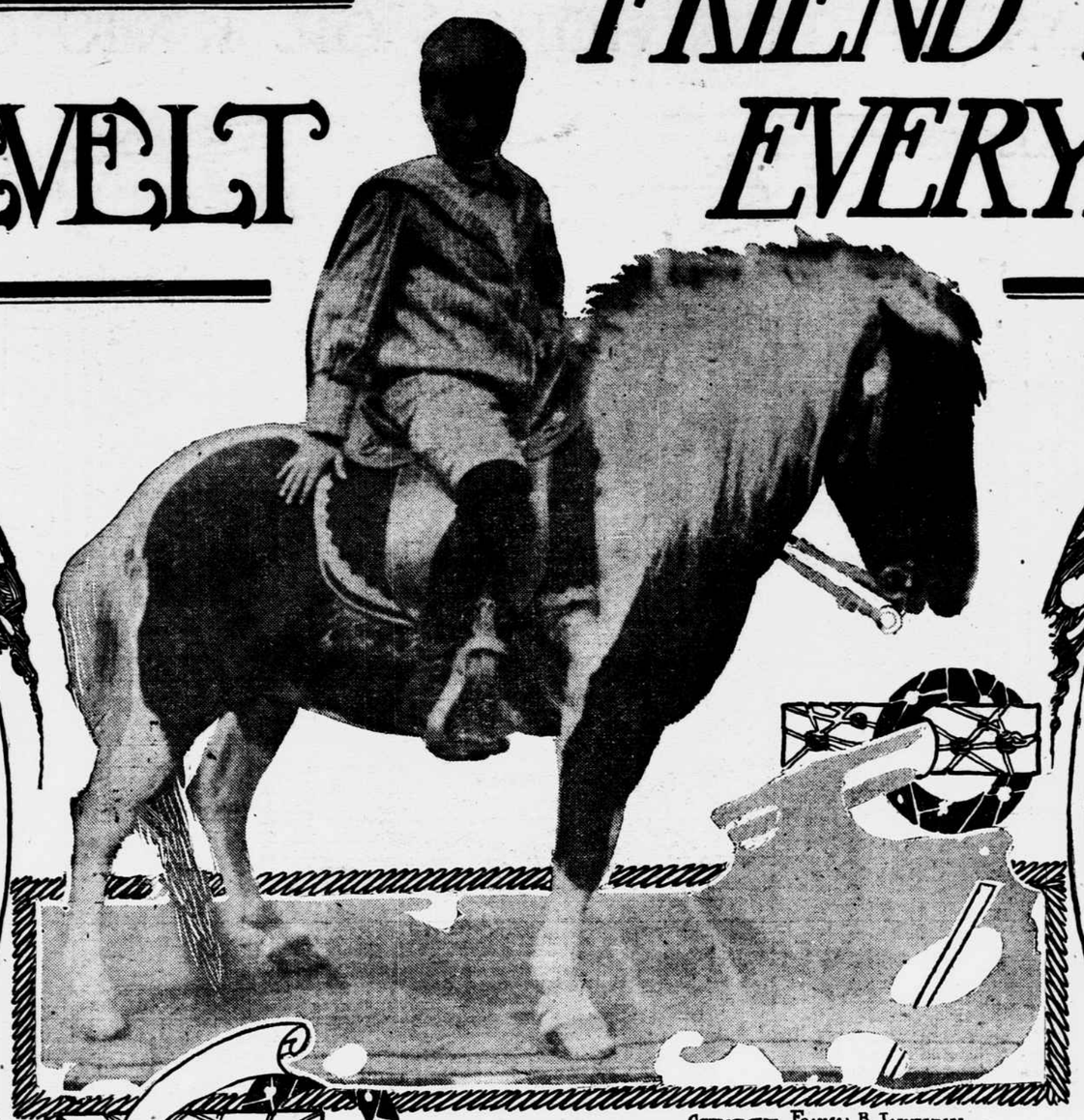

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EXCHANGING CONFIDENCES

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MORNING ROLL CALL — ARCHIE AND QUENTIN AT ATTENTION

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THE White House, beautiful at all times in its simple dignity, has, at night, a new and mysterious charm which even sunshine and blue skies cannot give.

By midnight, usually, all lights are out, and the stately old mansion stands darkened and silent, the classic columns of the great north portico rising soft and silvery from the vague shadows of the encircling trees. But in the last week or so there has come a curious and disturbing change. Night after night the belated wayfarer, passing up the broad emptiness of "the avenue" in the small hours, has seen a square yellow patch of light rudely breaking the darkness which enfolds all the rest of the house. That yellow patch of light came from a big window high up in the second story, and flashed a signal which must touch the hearts and the sympathies of the people everywhere. Rightly interpreted it meant that not the President's son, but just a very sick little boy lay there, watched over by an anxious father and mother, who were held by the same fear and sorrow common to high and low alike. The recent serious illness of plucky little Archie Roosevelt, aside from making the whole world his kin in a genuine concern for his speedy recovery, has served to emphasize the great care which the President has always taken to keep his children real children, untouched by injudicious flattery and attention.

The President not only knows how children ought to be brought up, but, in characteristic fashion, he has put his theories into eminently successful practice, and his small sons have come through the five years of his administration utterly unspoiled, unaffected and as thoroughly democratic as the sons of any humbler citizens in the land. It is needless to say that the Roosevelt boys are all chums, the closest sort of comrades of both their father and mother, and immediately on their arrival in Washington to take up their residence in the White House, they were banded into a league, offensive and defensive, for the preservation of their unalienable right to remain boys, just like any other boys, in spite of the fact that their father had happened to become President of the United States.

The league's choicest efforts were arrayed against unsought and indiscreet publicity and resulted in a gleeful and completely successful campaign against the invading army of camera men. Weary and unfortunate reporters with ordinary cameras gave up the chase very early in the day. The dissemblers who carried lens and plates concealed in innocent looking boxes fared no better, and even the overzealous snapshotter who followed the pursuit for weeks on a bicycle failed completely in his picture quest. The Roosevelt youngsters slipping behind tree boxes, dodging around corners and concealing their keen boyish faces under drooping hat brims, entered into the exigencies of the situation with all the zest of their sporting blood, and the gentle art of outwitting the photographers became not only a science, but an absorbing game in which the small, brave band of palefaces, faithfully carrying out the orders of their great chief, baffled their redskin foes at every turn. Thus it happened that even the photographer duly authorized by the President to make some pictures of his children found the boys securely locked in one of their own rooms, the more cautious ones not taking any chances and carefully hidden under the bed.

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Once the ban was raised, however, and the picture-making received the parental stamp of approval, the two younger boys particularly, became intensely interested in every phase of the process. The apparatus was inspected and inquired into minutely in every detail from tripod to lens. The characteristic attitude of the entire Roosevelt family toward things in general was unconsciously voiced by little Quentin when, with his small tow head cocked on one side and his blue eyes sparkling in anticipation, he peered intently into a mysterious bag and said: "Is it something funny?"

"Something funny" carries an irresistible appeal to every member of this merry household, and jokes are of such prime importance that, when any of the children are about, and the White House corridors do not echo with frequent shouts of laughter, it argues a grave and unusual state of affairs. So, with the unaccustomed hush and quiet brooding over the house, the anxious vigil of the President and his wife has been shared by Archie's countless friends everywhere, however exalted or humble. For the dear little chap, frank, unaffected, quite unspoiled by the pomp and circumstance of his surroundings, is just a very human boy of most engaging personality, who has his father's genius for making and keeping friends. Out of school hours. Archie's favorite playgrounds are the broad asphalted driveways in front of the White House and executive offices. Here, cabinet officers, grave justices of the Supreme Court and dignified senators will stop sociably to pass the time of day with him, as he skims by on roller skates or his bicycle. Every attache of the executive force, private secretaries, clerks, ushers, policemen, gardeners, grooms and servants alike are his devoted admirers, and his fine, sturdy spirit withstands a universal popularity which might easily turn many an older head.

If Archie's kind little heart permits him any impartiality in his friendships it is probably leaning toward his stanchest admirers, the policemen stationed on the executive grounds. These are all picked men, of long and tried service on this special duty, and for quite a time the names of both Archie and Quentin have been duly carried on the rolls as members of the White House squad. In former days, when the captain of the watch occupied a small rustic lodge just east of the mansion, Archie and Quentin reported every morning promptly at 8 o'clock for inspection and roll call. Standing gravely in line with their tall friends, their small hands went to their blond forelocks in salute as their names were sonorously called by a deep-chested six-footer of a sergeant.

Archie still holds many confidential confabs with his comrades in arms, and there is not a man of them in blue cloth and brass buttons who would not cheerfully go through fire and water in his service, if need be.

Archie's boy friends and intimates are chosen in the most democratic way—for what they are, not for what their fathers happen to be. The children dress in the simplest fashion—sensible tweed and linen, according to season—and live plainly, as do all the rest of the family when just among themselves.

The President's sons have, at times, been in attendance at the public schools of Washington, where it is told of Teddy, jr., that (although carrying his arm in a sling from some accident) he promptly proceeded to "lick" a teasing schoolmate who ventured to call him "the first boy in the land." "I wish father would soon get through holding office," he remarked, disgustedly. "I am tired and sick of the whole thing."

The Robsevelt children all love out-of-door games and sports, and have a great fondness for pets, which range in size from the calico pony to Kermit's kangaroo rats and Archie's guinea pigs. Their variety, too, is surprising, and one can never be certain what small, but animated, treasure is likely to be fished out of any boyish pocket. One of their proudest possessions used to be a huge macaw, known as Eli Yale, who sported a gaudy plumage of bright blues, reds and yellows, a terrifying beak like a tinner's shears, and a strong, raspy voice in which he made frequent remarks, probably most personal and ill-natured, if one could have interpreted them properly. The Roosevelt boys handled this awful bird with the utmost fearlessness and unconcern, but it was whispered that the only thing on earth that the President was afraid of was Eli Yale. However, Algonquin, the calico pony, is probably the greatest favorite, as all the younger children, Ethel, Archie and Quentin, have taken their first riding lessons upon his sturdy back. Algonquin is a spirited little thoroughbred with fine, slender legs, a satin coat, long, flowing mane and tail and a kindly but mischievous eye. He is a size or two larger than a big St. Bernard—pampered and spoiled to the last degree, but almost as much a member of the family as any of the children themselves. On one occasion when Archie and Quentin were laid up in quarantine with the measles the grownups of the family were electrified to learn that Algonquin had been smuggled into the White House elevator and carried up to the sick room to see the small invalids.

The children are all perfectly fearless riders, and, at times, it is most amusing to watch their pranks with the pony. With one of the youngsters perched astride of him Algonquin ambles gently and peaceably along until he gets tired, when he stops, humps up his fat, cream-colored hind quarters and calmly dumps his rider (if caught unawares) on the lawn. The children seem to take this surprising performance as part of the game and, just as calmly, pick themselves up and climb on again.

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Quentin began his equestrian training when he was barely four, but being the baby of the family a groom was sent along to see that Algonquin did not tumble him off too violently. Even at this tender age the funny little chap was conscious of his superiority in years over his cousin, Master Cowles, who was then but two and a half years old. The latter had come to play with Quentin, but something went wrong, and his youthful relative rent the air with indignant howls. Quentin looked at him scornfully, and from the heights of his superior wisdom remarked, "Oh, don't mind him. He doesn't know any better. He's nothing but a baby." Quentin shares all of Archie's popularity, and is much like him—a sweet-natured, friendly, unaffected boy, full of vitality and of a deep, inquiring turn of mind. He and Archie were probably the first persons in Washington to examine minutely every detail of the Alaskan mail carrier's outfit on the completion of his 10,000-mile journey, and ten minutes after the adventurous Klondiker had driven his extraordinary team into the White House grounds it is safe to say that the two little lads knew the name of every dog and just how the queer sledge was constructed.

But to Archie falls primarily the role of friend to everybody, and right well does he live up to the demands made upon him. To him was intrusted the entertainment of the four proud sailormen who came to Washington representing the crew of the Louisiana in the presentation of a very beautiful loving cup to Mrs. Roosevelt. After the President and his wife had received the jackies in the blue room they were turned over to Archie, who escorted them all over town in a big landau from the White House stables. It is a safe guess that the dull hours of many a long cruise will be enlivened by remembrances of that adventure, and the slender, friendly little lad who did the honors so gracefully.

A friend to everybody! That is the reason why the yellow square of light from the White House window has had many anxious watchers in the night, and also why all Washington, on getting up these mornings, eagerly scans the newspaper with the query, "How's Archie?—progressing favorably? Isn't that fine."

THE REMARKABLE LIFE STORY OF ENGLAND'S "BLIND INVENTOR," DR. JAMES GALE.

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LONDON, March 7, 1907.

DR. JAMES GALE, who has just died in his seventy-fourth year, probably was the most wonderful blind man who ever lived. The victim of a terrible and crushing physical affliction in his early youth, he triumphed over it by sheer force of mind and character, and won for himself the proud but pathetic title of the "blind inventor," by which he was known all over England.

That, however, conveys but a faint idea of his various claims to distinction. His many degrees included those of doctor of philosophy and master of arts. He was a fellow of the Royal Geological Society and the Chemical Society. He made many valuable scientific discoveries. His inventions covered a wide range from rapid-fire breech-loading rifles to electrical alarm clocks. As a doctor he once saved a millionaire's life, and was paid the biggest fee ever recorded in the annals of medicine—$250,000. He did a score of things, any one of which would have sufficed to win distinction for a man possessed of all his faculties. His greatest achievements were those which would seem to demand good eyesight above everything. The man himself was a greater marvel far than any of the wonderful things he did.

His death was entirely unexpected. He was a sturdy, vigorous man, on whom the burden of old age rested so lightly that he carried himself as straight as a pine tree. Quite recently—never dreaming that his death was so near at hand—I called upon him to obtain from his own lips some account of his wonderful and inspiring life story for American readers. At his request I sent the report of the interview to him for revision, for he was a great stickler for accuracy. Shortly before his death was announced I received the manuscript back, with some corrections and additions which he had dictated to his amanuensis. To the world at large, therefore, it may be regarded as his last message, which lends unusual and pathetic interest to it. The photographs accompanying it, especially taken for this article, were the last for which he ever posed.

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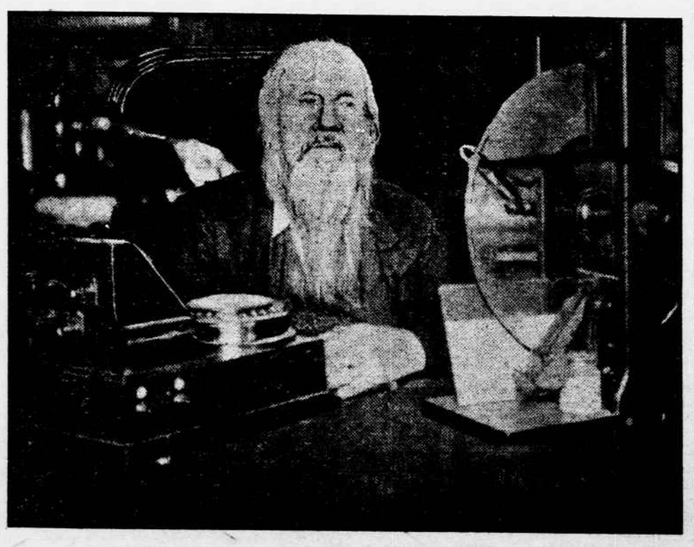
Dr. Gale lived in a modest four-story mansion in Adelaide road, Hampstead. The place is called "Galesmead," and on the door was a large brass plate with the legend: "Dr. Gale, Consulting Electrician." On calling upon the doctor I was shown into a large back room, the table of which was covered by electrical and scientific apparatus. In a few minutes there was a quick step outside the door and Dr. Gale came into the room. He walked over, shook hands without any hesitation or "feeling about," and then looked at me in an inquiring way. His action was so perfectly natural, his light blue eyes seemed so expressive and clear that no outward sign gave any indication of the fact that he was totally, helplessly blind.

"I have made it a principle all my life," he said, after I had explained my errand, "never to allow any one to assist me. From the very earliest days—I lost my sight at fifteen and now am more than seventy—I have done everything that was possible alone.

"My boyhood was spent in the town of Tavistock, Devonshire," Dr. Gale continued, "and I attended the local school there before I became blind. For some years I had noticed that something was wrong with my sight, but I was so sensitive about this defect that for a long time I managed to conceal from my parents and teachers the nature of my trouble. I remember scheming to be placed at a certain position in the line in the class so that I could reel off from memory portions of my lessons. I could not see the print—everything was a blur to me; and I memorized word for word pages of various matter, reciting it perfectly when called upon to do so, as if reading from the book. Even in our games—such as leap-frog—I used to have to place white handkerchiefs on the back of my playmates so as to see where to jump.

"I concealed my trouble for a long time from my parents, and then the family doctor was called in. I doubt if my sight could have been preserved even with the most skillful attention, but whatever chance there was of it he destroyed by ignorant treatment. When I was taken to competent oculists in Plymouth my case was hopeless.

"What mental and physical agony I suffered during the gradual eclipse of my sight no human tongue could convey. Once, may God forgive me, I almost made up my mind to terminate my wretched existence.



Dr. Gale in His Consulting Room.

"The doctors had been preserved even with my eyes, and, as the result of one particular experiment, I walked back to Tavistock from Plymouth enduring the most horrible torments. Indeed, the pain was such that I more or less lost my senses, and finding myself on a lonely moor, for I had wandered from the roadway, and coming to a quiet-flowing stream I lay down close to the bank and the thought came to me that if I rolled over I should soon be relieved of all my torture.

"Just then I heard a voice hailing me. A friend of my father's happened to be passing along in his gig, and seeing me lying so close to the bank, and, as he thought, asleep, he stopped and came over to waken me to my rather perilous situation. He raised me up in a dazed condition and drove me home, little knowing then that in all probability he had saved my life.

* * *

"I was treated by many doctors, and no doubt they did their best, but I knew my case was hopeless.

"Nevertheless, when Mr. Butters, the Plymouth oculist, pronounced my final doom, I being then sixteen years of age, it came as a most terrible blow, and for some minutes I could not speak; there was a great lump in my throat and a tear in my eye. Mr. Butters sought to comfort me by telling me that his own sight was failing, and that in a few months' time he, like me, would be blind.

"'Ah, yes,' I said, bitterly; but you have seen the world. I have not, and never shall.'

"I remained thinking for a minute or two, and then, summoning up all the grit I possessed, I said:

"'If God wills it, He knows best. What must be will be. And,' I added, putting my hand up to a tear that trickled down my face, 'God helping me, this is the last tear I shall ever shed for my blindness.' It was.

"My father did all he could for me," Dr. Gale went on. "When I became blind he gave me the choice of either having a couple of persons read to me and write for me or else of going to some institution for the blind. I decided to employ secretaries to read to me, and by this method—and by closely training my memory—I soon found that I was able to make progress in my studies. In those early days I was deeply interested in chemistry, and before many years I managed to master the subject fairly well, so far as it then went.

"On one occasion I was experimenting with some gunpowder. In order to deaden its explosive effects, I mixed with it some fine sand. To my surprise, I found that the explosive power of the powder was destroyed. In after years, when I wished to invent a non-explosive form of gunpowder, I made this childish experience the basis of my experiments, and was successful not only in inventing a non-explosive powder, but managed to enlist the substantial interest of the British, French and other governments. An interesting test to which my invention was put in those days was the filling of one of the Martello watch towers on the Sussex coast—built to repel the expected Napoleonic invasion—with five tons of gunpowder treated by my method. Not only did the powder not blow the tower up, but when the barrels caught fire and fell to pieces the powder actually put out the flames. By mixing gunpowder with finely powdered glass it was rendered harmless for storage purposes; after which the glass could be sifted and the powder restored to its primitive efficiency.

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In consequence of his valuable inventions Dr. Gale received flattering recognition not only from Queen Victoria and the prince consort, but also from Napoleon III of France, the then Czar of Russia and the rulers of many other countries, besides, as already mentioned, having degrees conferred on him by many learned bodies. It was not of these things, however, that he cared to talk when interviewed by your correspondent.

He first became interested in electricity through meeting with a famous medical electrician who tried to restore his sight. After a few years under this practitioner's tuition Dr. Gale mastered the subject of medical galvanism and electrical therapeutics, and decided to adopt the latter as a profession.

"By studying all known electrical appliances," he said, "it was not long before I was able to begin a general practice and to give treatment electrically. I adopted the method of letting all currents of electricity pass through my own body. By this means I was able to tell just what sort of current my patients were receiving. By my sensitiveness of touch I was able to gauge electrical forces far better than some practitioners in the same line, and it was not long before I had won a reputation among many well-known doctors, who used to send me their patients for treatment.

"By placing my ear over certain portions of the bodies of patients through whom I am sending charges of electricity I can hear peculiar sounds passing back and forth, and it is partially by these sounds that I am able to tell whether a patient is healthy or not. I remember on one occasion a man was brought to me by a well-known doctor. I galvanized him, listened all over his body in my customary manner, and then gave the opinion (privately, of course, to his own doctor) that this patient would probably die within a few days. I was not surprised to learn that he died suddenly about a week afterward. I could not hear—on listening at various points on this man's body—the sounds to which my ear was accustomed, and I knew that something was radically wrong. By letting these charges pass through my own hands I am generally able to tell whether a portion of a patient's body is healthy or not. Unhealthy tissue has a sort of spongy feeling to my touch, while healthy tissue has not. In the latter there is a sort of elasticity which unhealthy flesh does not possess.

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"People have come to me with some very remarkable complaints," he went on. "One man came who was suffering from paralysis, the result of lead poisoning, and every doctor had given him up. I placed him in a bath, treated him electrically and in the water; and in the course of time I manager to get white lead, oozing from the roots of the finger nails. On another occasion I treated a woman for mercurial poisoning. When she would leave the electric bath you could see a thin, dark line which, when rubbed, showed a silver mercurial deposit on the side of the bath. She also had been pronounced incurable.

"It was the same with my millionaire patient. Sir William Furguson gave him just six days to live, and advised me for the sake of my professional reputation not to touch the case. He had gangrene of the big toe and aneurism of the same leg. He was too old a man to operate on, otherwise Sir William would have taken off his foot. I took him on, believing that I might cure him by electricity and massage. Before very long I had the bad place down to the size of a dollar, then down to a pinhead, and then, finally, he was cured, and lived several years afterward. He was so grateful that he insisted on paying me a fee that was a record breaker.

Despite Dr. Gale's affliction, he was actively engaged most of his life not only in daily medical practice, but in many business enterprises. When the Briton Medical and General Assurance office failed some years ago Dr. Gale was appointed to represent the policy holders; and he managed the concern for some years until it was acquired by the Sun Company. He was consulted by Engineer Cox with reference to the heating of the Bank of England, and for many years was electrician for the Plymouth Electric Light Company, and also for the first telephone company in London.

At the close of our interview Dr. Gale came himself to the front door, opened it, explained the mechanism of a patent burglar alarm he had placed on the door and bade me a cheery farewell.

CHARLES OGDENS.